COMES AMORIS:

OR THE

Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Bass to each SONG for the *Harpsichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol.*

THE FIFTH BOOK.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Heptinstall* for *John Carr* at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1694.

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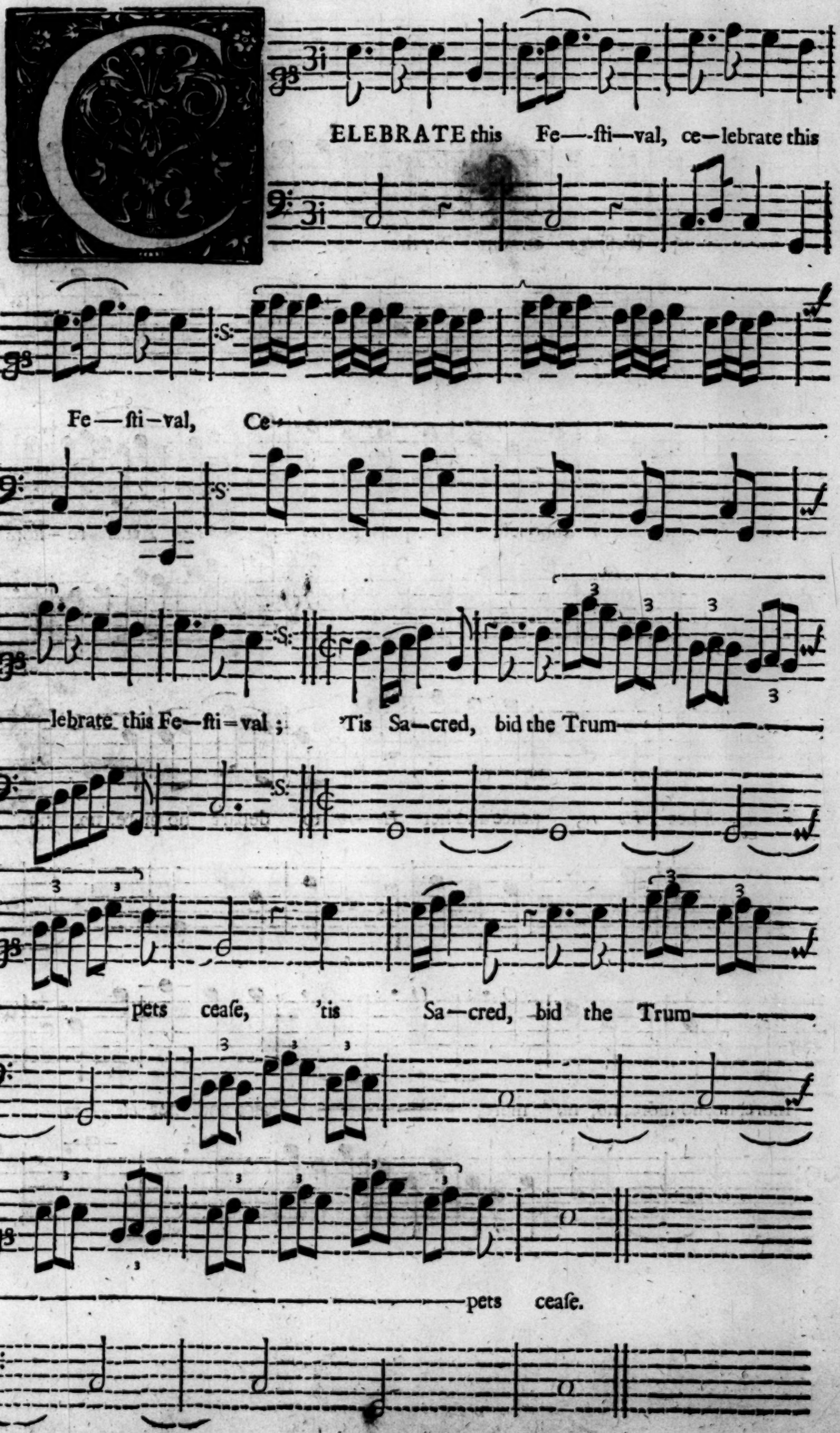
A SONG Sung before the Queen on Her Birth Day. Set by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



KInd—ly Treat *Ma——ri—a's* day, and your Homage 'twill re—pay:

—Bequeathing Bleſſings on our *Iſle*, the te—dious Mi—nutes to be—

—guile; Till Conqueſt, till Conqueſt, till Conqueſt to *Ma—ri——a's* Arms re—ſtore;

Peace and her *He—ro*, peace and her *He—ro* to depart no more, no, no

more, no, no more, no, no more, —————— Peace and her *He—ro*

peace and her *He—ro* to de—part no more, no, no more no, no more.

Muſt I allways thus be ſlighted, by the Woman that I lov'd,

muſt I now thus be re—quited, for a paſ—ſion ſhe approv'd: 'Tis a

hard fate thus Doom'd to be a poor ſlave all—ways to her frowns,

no, I'le bold—ly let her ſee, that I'le for e—ver her diſ—own.

Set by Mr. *Snow*.

FIc—kle bliſs, fan—taſtick Treaſure, Love, how ſoon, how ſoon, how ſoon thy

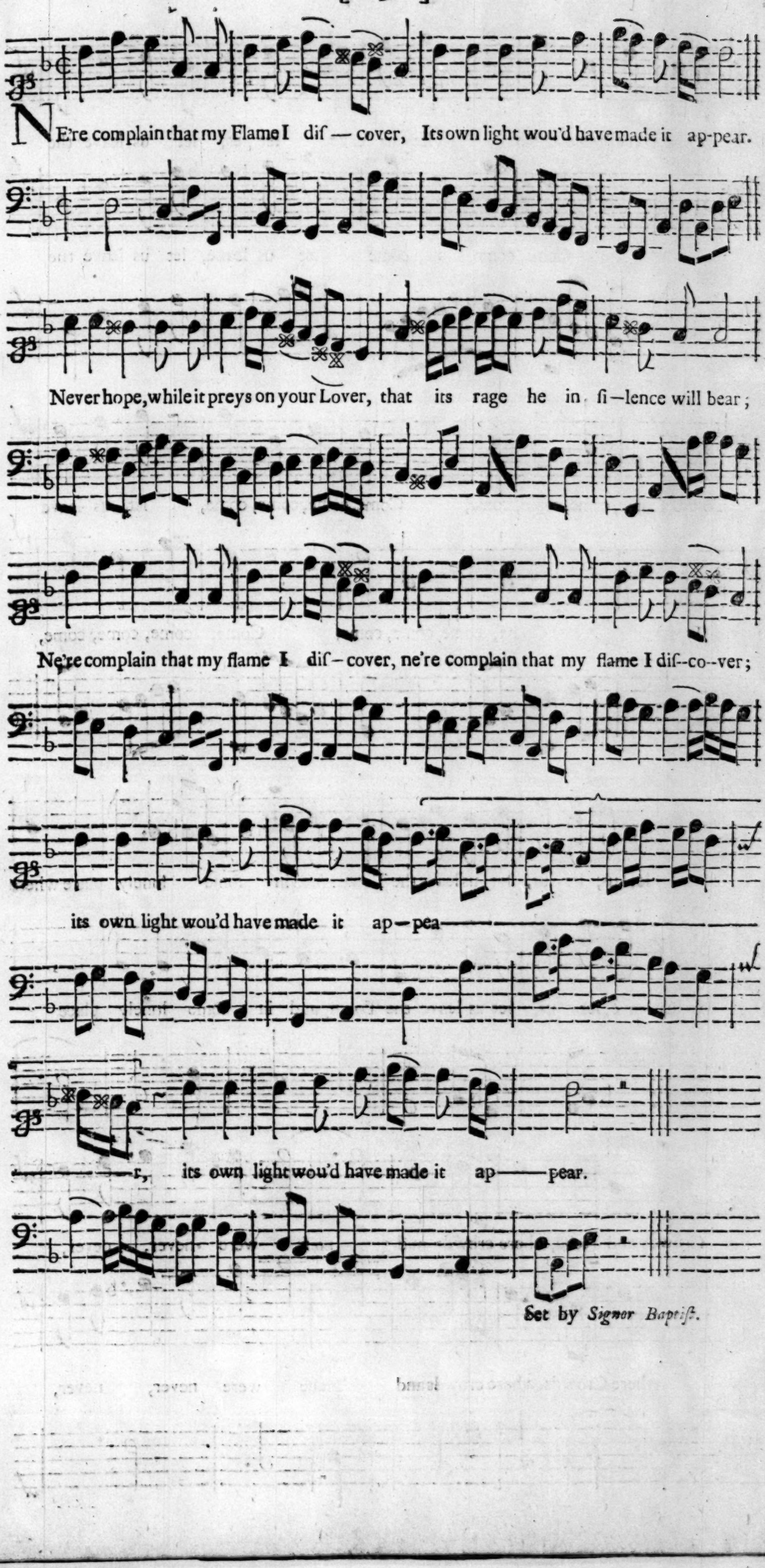
joys are paſt! Since we ſoon muſt loſe the Pleaſure, oh! 'twere bet—ter

ne're to taſt. God's! how ſweet would be Poſſeſ-ſing, did not Time it's Charms de—

—ſtroy, or cou'd Lovers with the Bleſſing loſe the thoughts of *Cu—pid's* joy,

loſe the thoughts, the thoughts, the though——ts, of *Cu——pid's* Joy.

Set by Mr. *F. Franck.*


NE're complain that my Flame I dif — cover, Its own light wou'd have made it ap-pear.
Never hope, while it preys on your Lover, that its rage he in fi—lence will bear;
Ne're complain that my flame I dif—cover, ne're complain that my flame I dif--co--ver;
its own light wou'd have made it ap—pea
——r, its own light wou'd have made it ap——pear.
Set by Signor Baptiſt.

COme, come, come, come let us leave let us, let us leave the

Come, come, come, come let us leave, let us leave the

Town; Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, let us leave

Town; Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come,

let us, let us, let us leave the Town: And in ſome lonely place where

let us leave, let us, let us leave the Town, and in ſome lonely place

Crowds and Noiſe, where crowds and noiſe, were never, never,

where Crowds, where crowds and Noiſe were never, never,

never, never known re—ſo——————lve to ſpend our days.

never, ne--ver known re—ſo——————lve to ſpend our days.

In pleaſant, pleaſant ſha————————des, in pleaſant, pleaſant

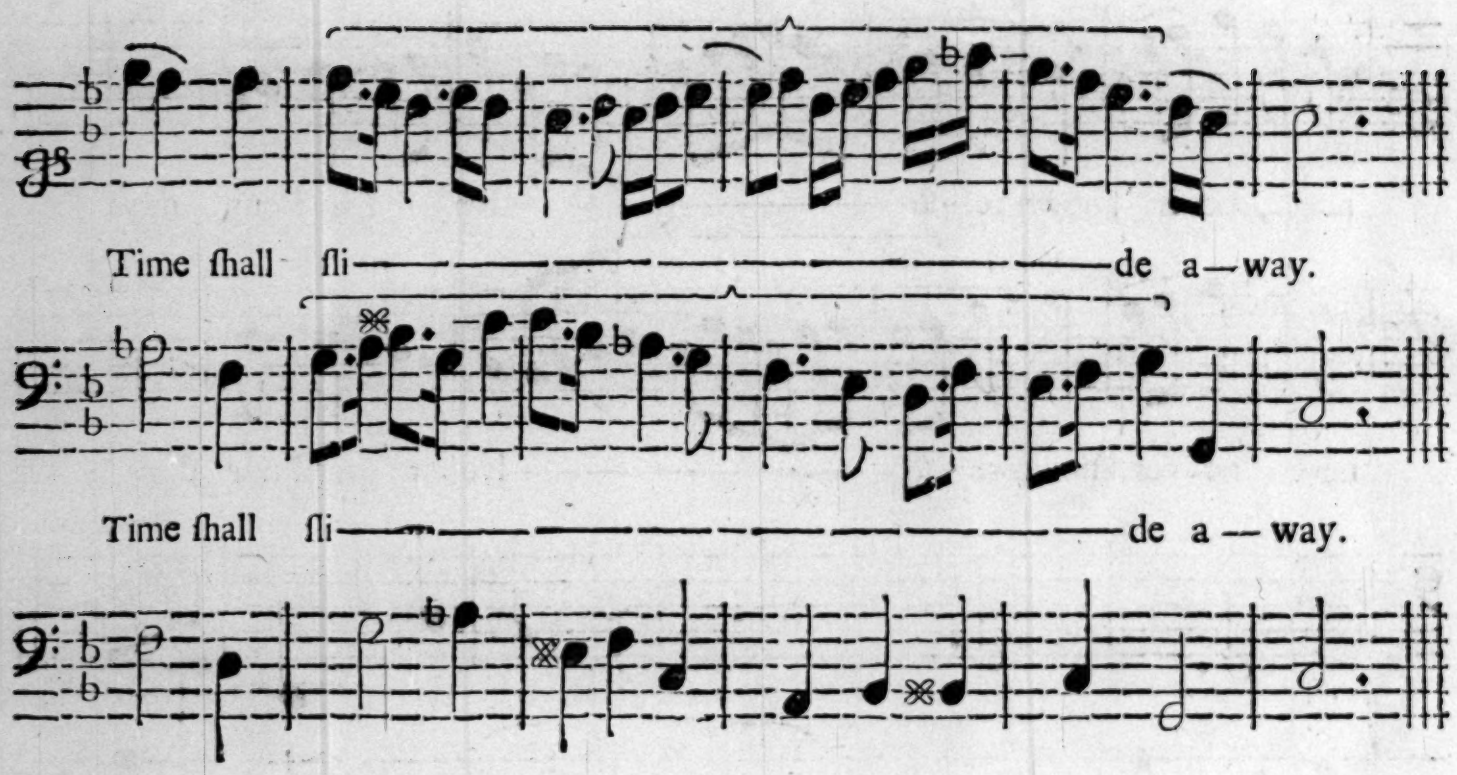
In pleaſant, pleaſant, pleaſant, in pleaſant, pleaſant, pleaſant

ſhades, upon the Graſs at night our ſelves we'll lay, our days in harmleſs ſports

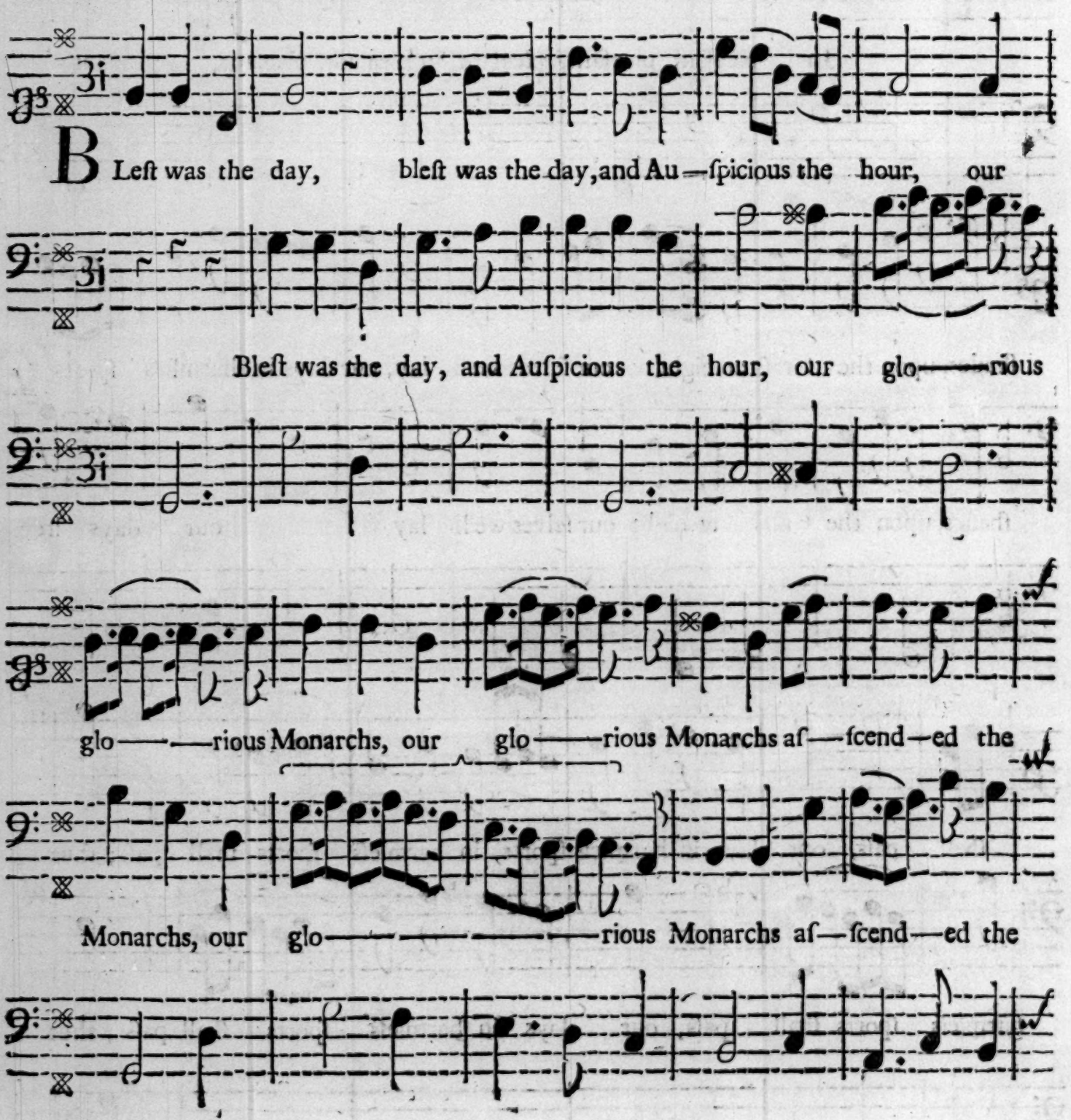
ſhades, upon the Graſs at night our ſelves we'll lay, our days in

ſhall paſs, our days in harmleſs ſports, in harmleſs ſports ſhall paſs; thus

harmleſs ſports ſhall paſs, our · days in harmleſs ſports ſhall paſs ; thus



A new Song upon King *William*. Set by Mr. *Freeman*.



Throne, aſ—ſcended the Throne; Vertue is now, Vertue is

Throne; Vertue is now, is now pro—mo———

now———promoted, is now pro-mo-ted to pow'r, and *Britain* re—

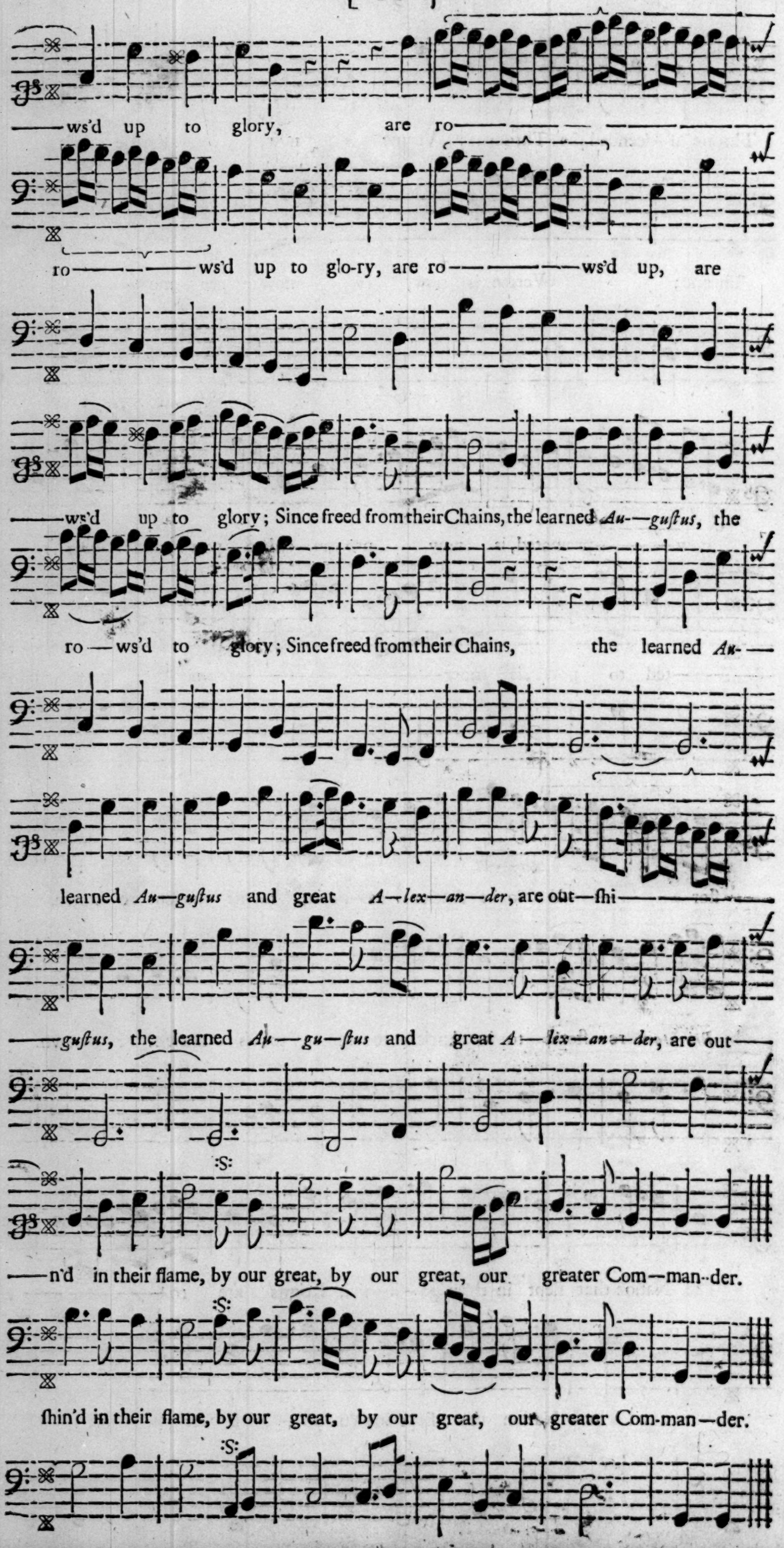
———ted to pow'r, is now———promoted to power, and

———ſtor———'d to its Ancient re—nown, to its ancient re-nown.

Bri—tain re—ſtor'd to its Ancient re-nown, to its ancient re—nown.

The Nation that ſlept in th'un po—li—tick Reigns are ro———

The Nation that ſlept in th'un po—litick Reigns are


—ws'd up to glory, are ro—
ro—ws'd up to glo-ry, are ro—ws'd up, are
—ws'd up to glory; Since freed from their Chains, the learned *Au—guſtus*, the
ro—ws'd to glory; Since freed from their Chains, the learned *Au*—
learned *Au—guſtus* and great *A—lex—an—der*, are out—ſhi—
—*guſtus*, the learned *Au—gu—ſtus* and great *A—lex—an—der*, are out—
—n'd in their flame, by our great, by our great, our greater Com—man-der.
ſhin'd in their flame, by our great, by our great, our greater Com-man—der.

'T Was Fancy gave *A--lex-is* Charms, 'twas Fancy gave *A-lex is* Charms, e're

I be—hel——d his face, kind Fancy then cou'd fold our Arms, and

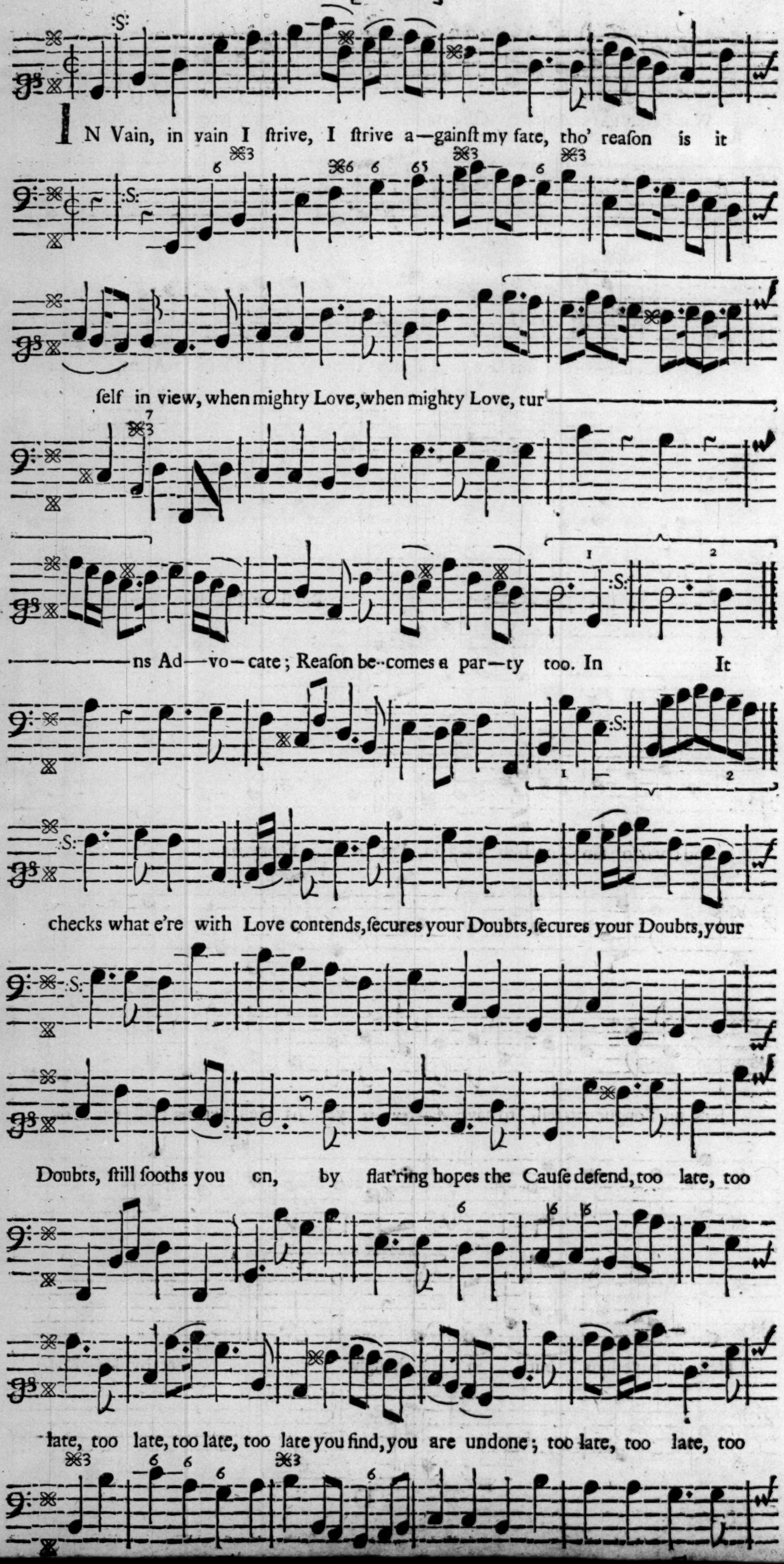
form a ſoft Em——brace: But ſince I've ſeen the re--al Swain,

and try'd to fan—cy him a—gain, I'm by my Fancy taught, tho' 'tis a

bliſs no Tongue can tell, to have *A—lex—is* yet 'tis Hell, yet tis Hell, yet 'tis

Hell, to have him but in thought. Set by Mr. *Eccles.*

D


IN Vain, in vain I ſtrive, I ſtrive a—gainſt my fate, tho' reaſon is it
ſelf in view, when mighty Love, when mighty Love, tur——
——ns Ad—vo—cate; Reaſon be--comes a par—ty too. In It
checks what e're with Love contends, ſecures your Doubts, ſecures your Doubts, your
Doubts, ſtill ſooths you on, by flat'ring hopes the Cauſe defend, too late, too
late, too late, too late, too late you find, you are undone; too late, too late, too

late, too late you find, you find you are undone, un—done, you

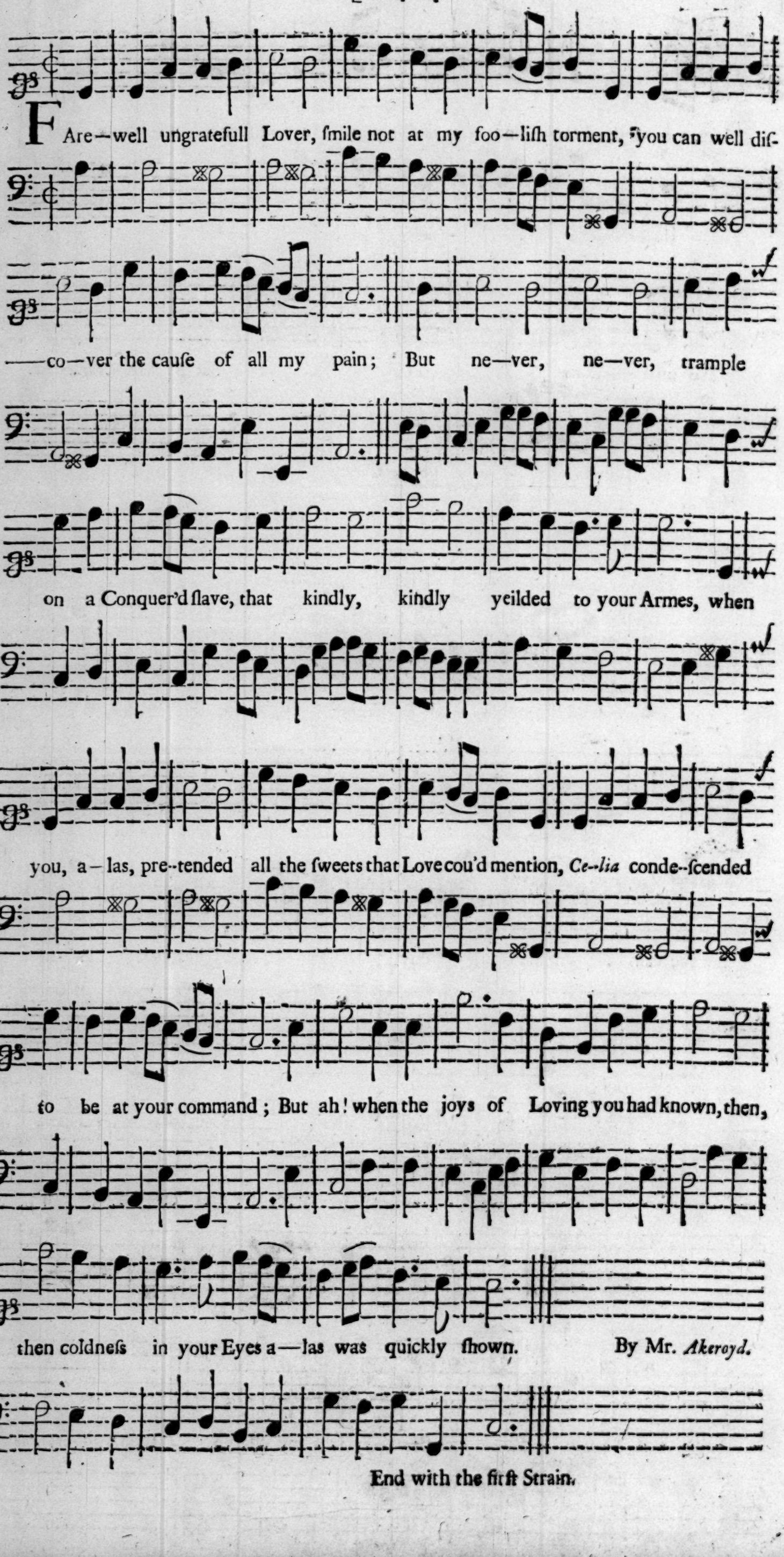
are un——done. It done. Set by Mr. *Courteville.*

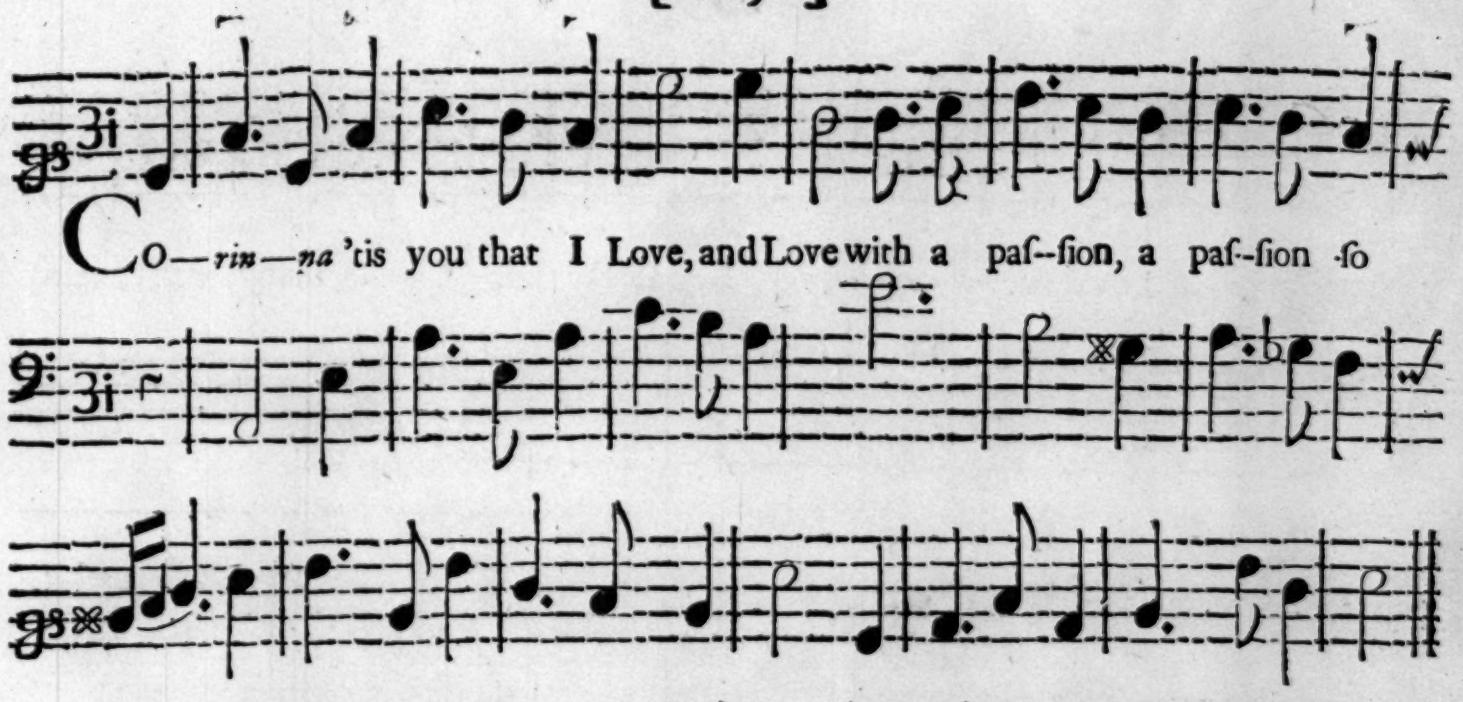
I En-vy not the pride of *May*, nor the vain Honours,

nor the vain Ho—nours of the day; On *Flo--ra's* Charms let us en——

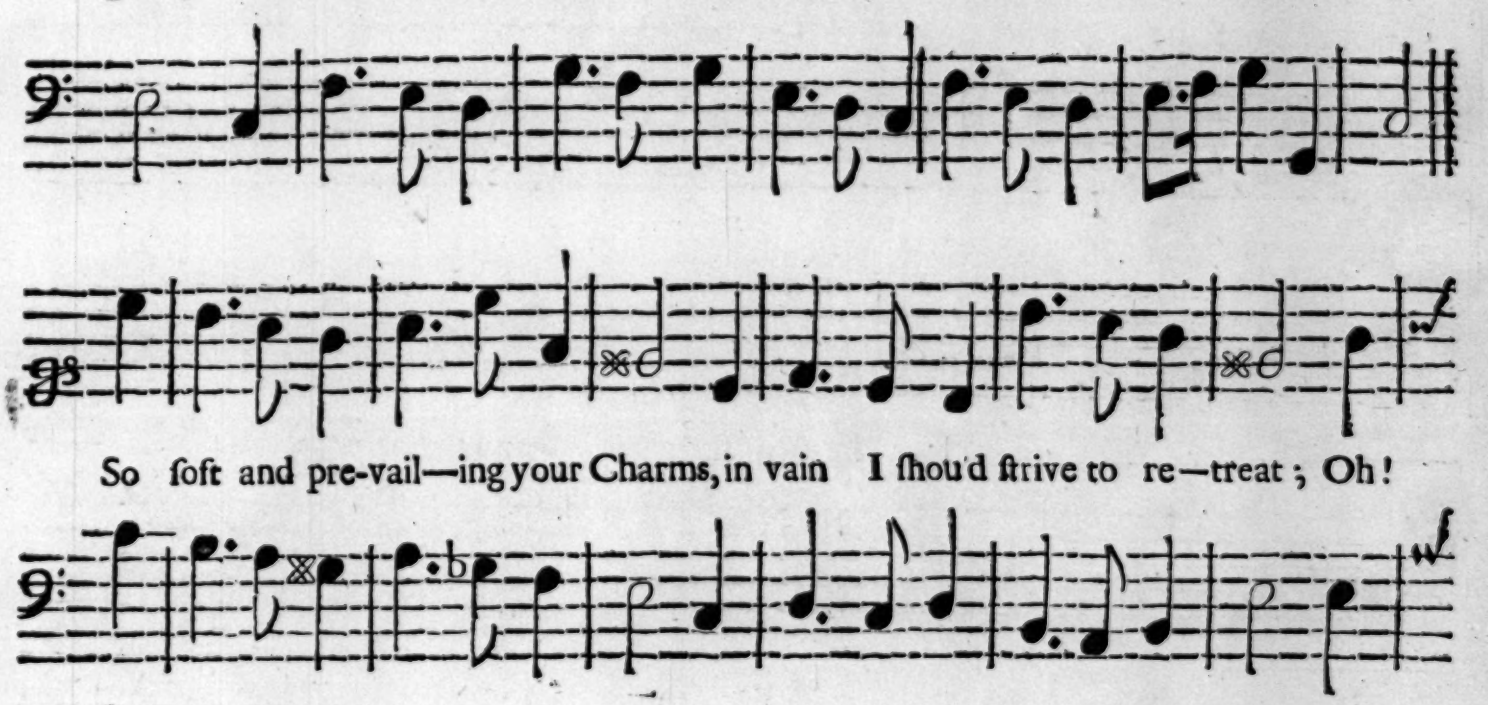
——large, let us en—large, a

Saint and Beauty, a Saint and Beau—ty was my charge. By Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

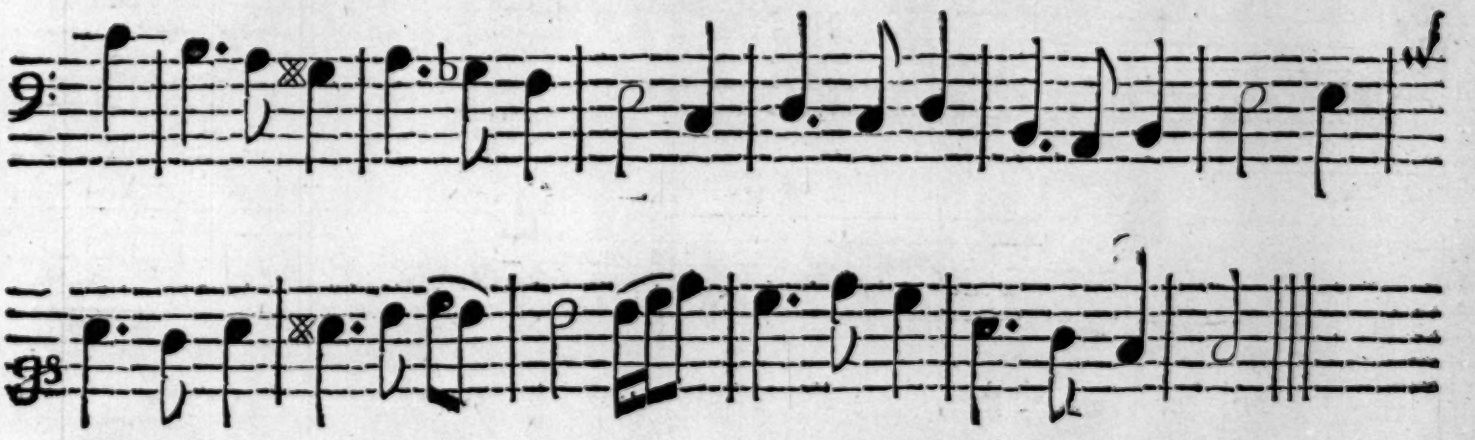

F Are—well ungratefull Lover, ſmile not at my foo—liſh torment, you can well diſ-
——co—ver the cauſe of all my pain; But ne—ver, ne—ver, trample
on a Conquer'd ſlave, that kindly, kindly yeilded to your Armes, when
you, a—las, pre--tended all the ſweets that Love cou'd mention, *Ce--lia* conde--ſcended
to be at your command; But ah! when the joys of Loving you had known, then,
then coldneſs in your Eyes a—las was quickly ſhown.
By Mr. *Akeroyd.*
End with the firſt Strain.



CO—*rin—na* 'tis you that I Love, and Love with a paſ--ſion, a paſ--ſion ſo great, that Death a leſs Torment wou'd prove, than either your Frowns, or your Hate:



So ſoft and pre-vail—ing your Charms, in vain I ſhou'd ſtrive to re—treat; Oh!



then let me live in your Arms, or dye in deſ—pair at your feet.

By Mr. *Snow.*

II.

In vain I may Pray to Love's Pow'r,
To eaſe me and Pitty my pain;
Since the Heart which I ſue for is yours,
Who all other powers diſdain:
Like a Goddeſs you abſolute Reign,
You alone 'tis can Save, or can Kill;
To whom elſe then ſhou'd I complain,
Since my Fate muſt depend on your Will?

I Lov'd fair *Ce—lia*, I Lov'd fair *Ce—lia*, many, many, many

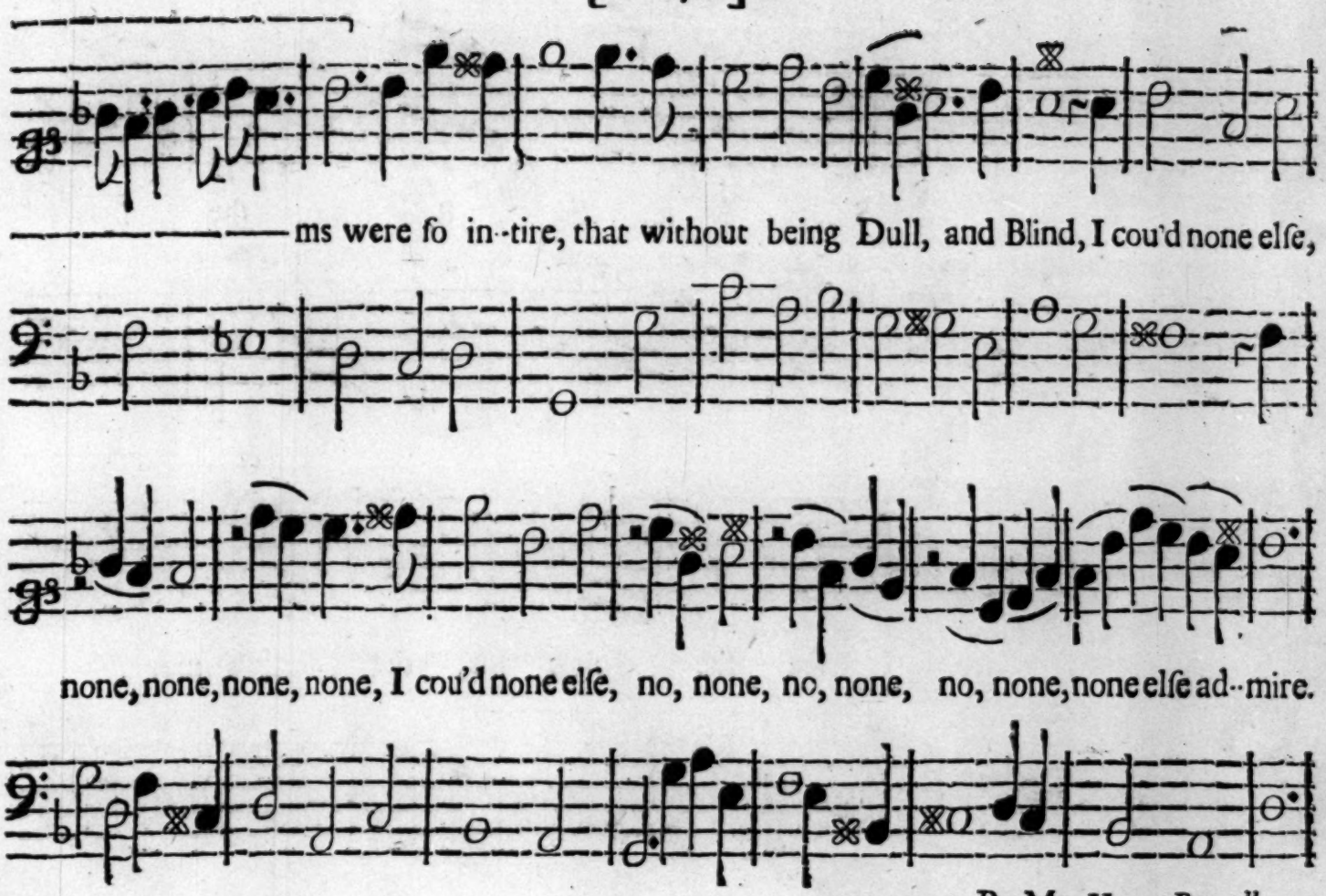
years before ſhe ſhew her Art,

her Art; Her Beauty firſt, her Humor next, by tur—

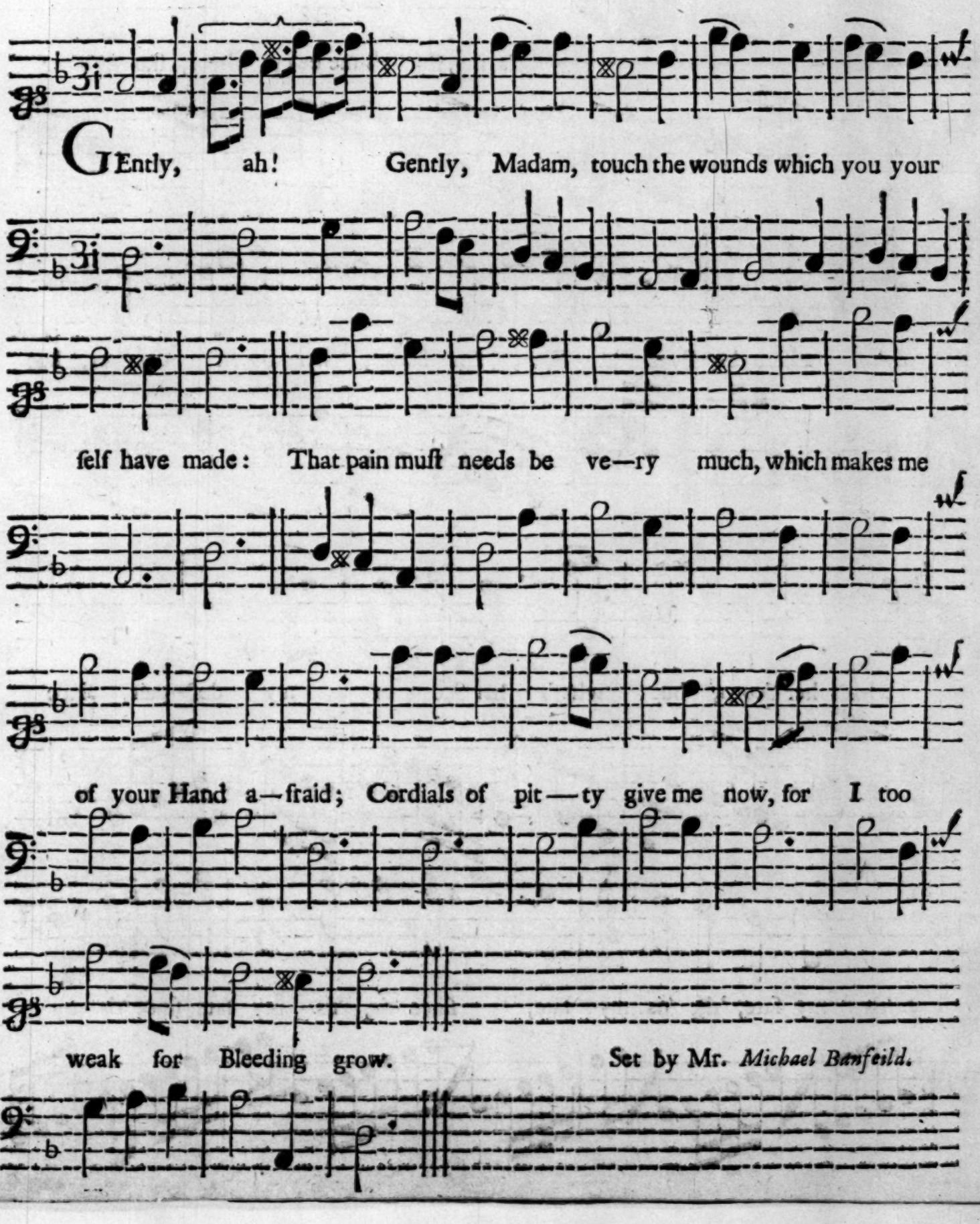
—ns; her Beauty firſt, her Humor next, by tur—

—ns, en—gag'd my heart. And when to theſe,

when to theſe ſhe Freindſhip joyn'd, her Char—ms, her Char—



By Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



Set by Mr. *Michael Banfeild.*

I See, I ſee ſhe fly's me, ſhe fly's

me; I ſee, I ſee ſhe fly's me, ſhe fly's me, fl-

y's me, ſhe fly's me ev'ry where, ſhe fly's me

ev'ry where; her Eyes, her Eyes, her Scorn, her Scorn diſcover, but

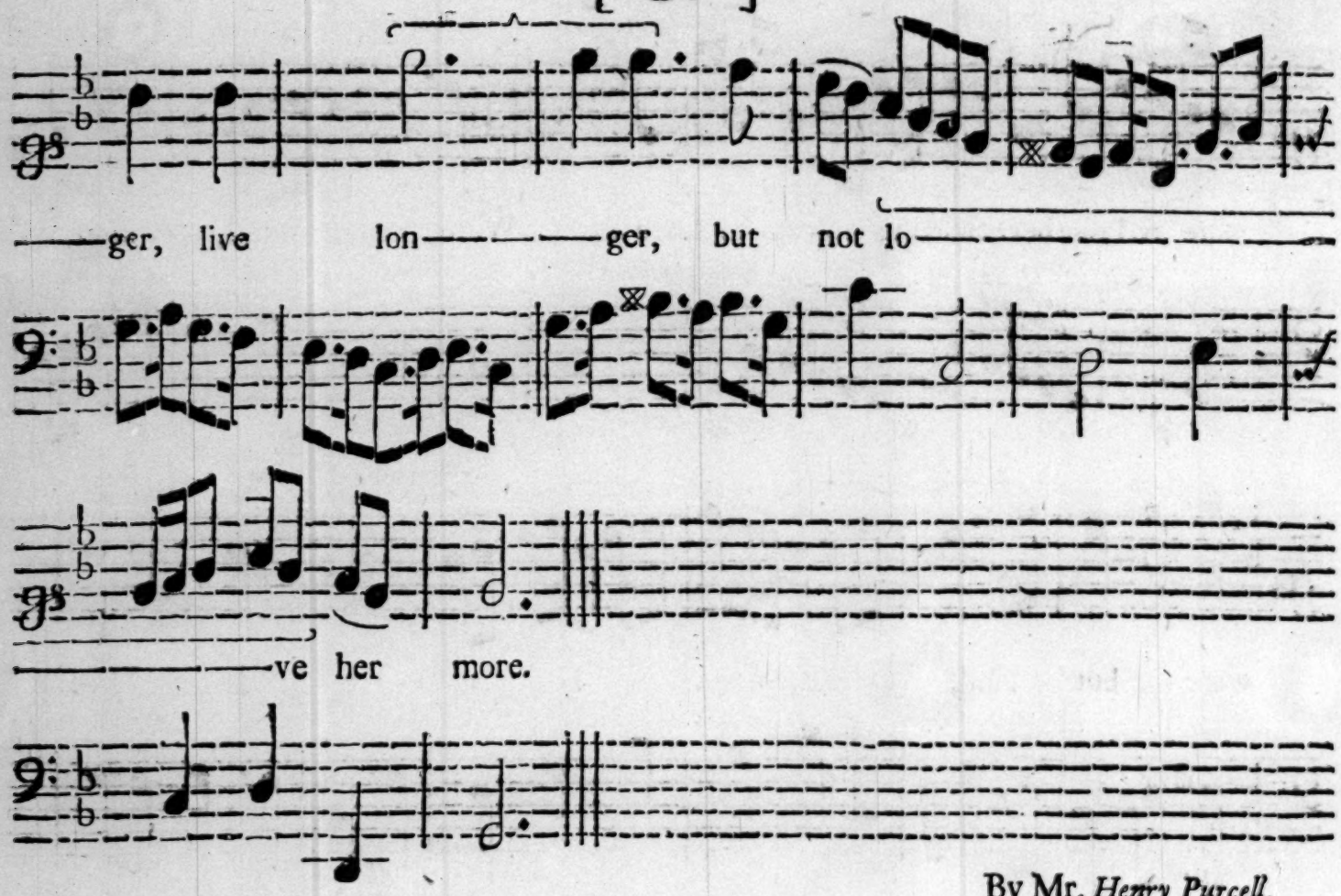
what's her Scorn, but what's her Scorn or my deſ-pair, ſince

'tis my fate, 'tis, 'tis my fate, ſince 'tis, 'tis my fate, ſince 'tis my

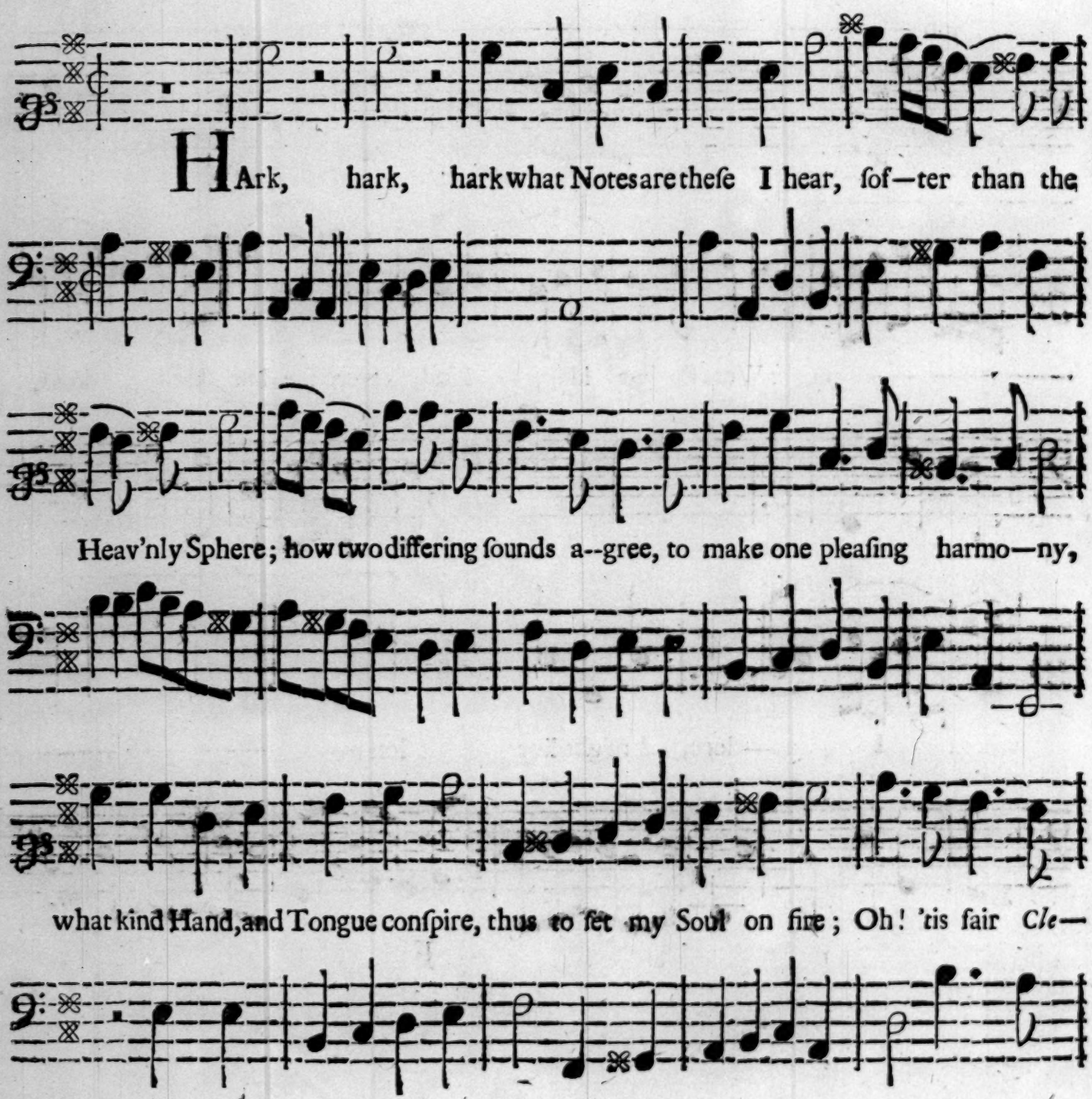
fate to Love her; Since 'tis my fate to Love her. Were ſhe but kind, kind,

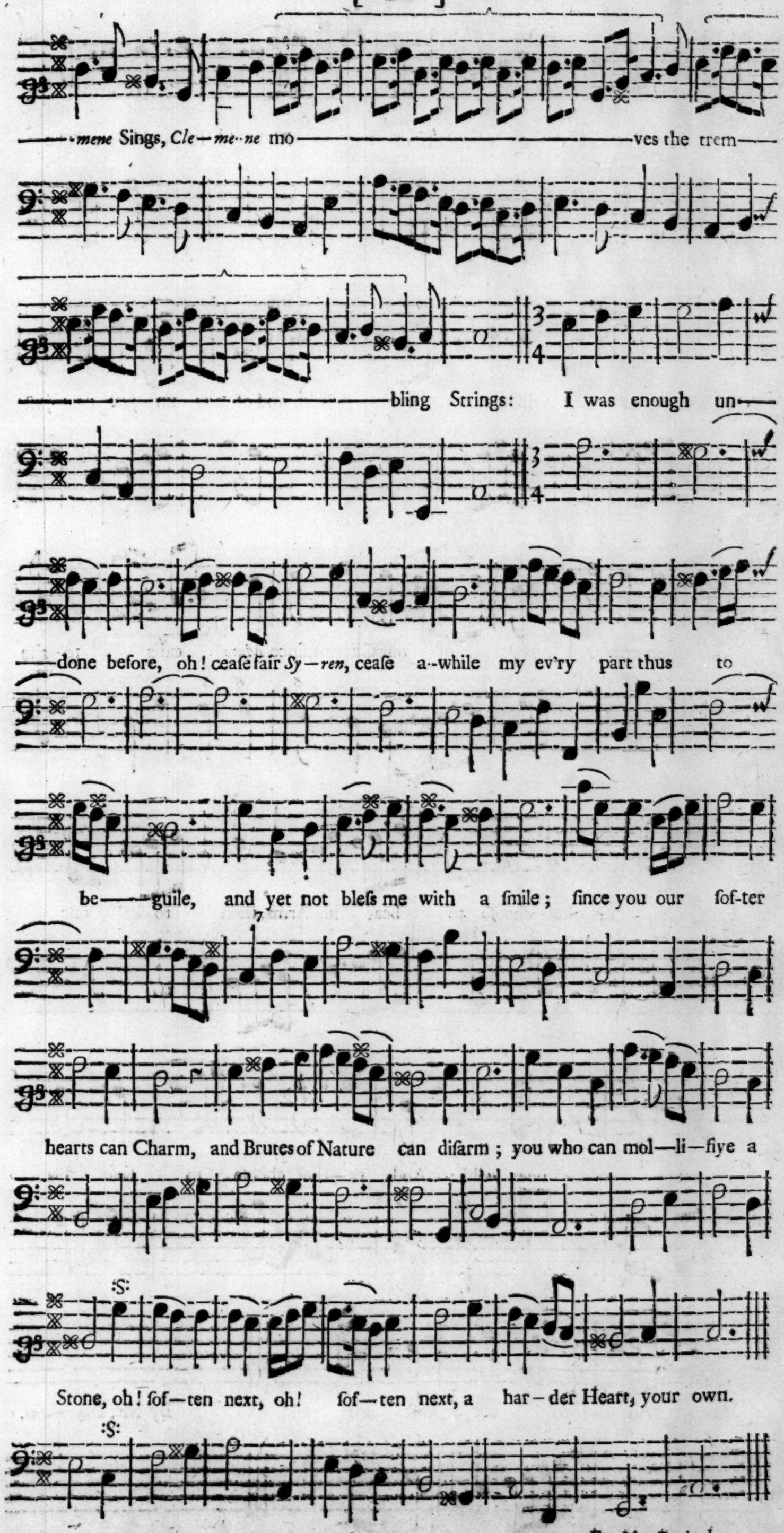
were ſhe but kind, kind, whom I a — dore, I might live

lon — — —



By Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



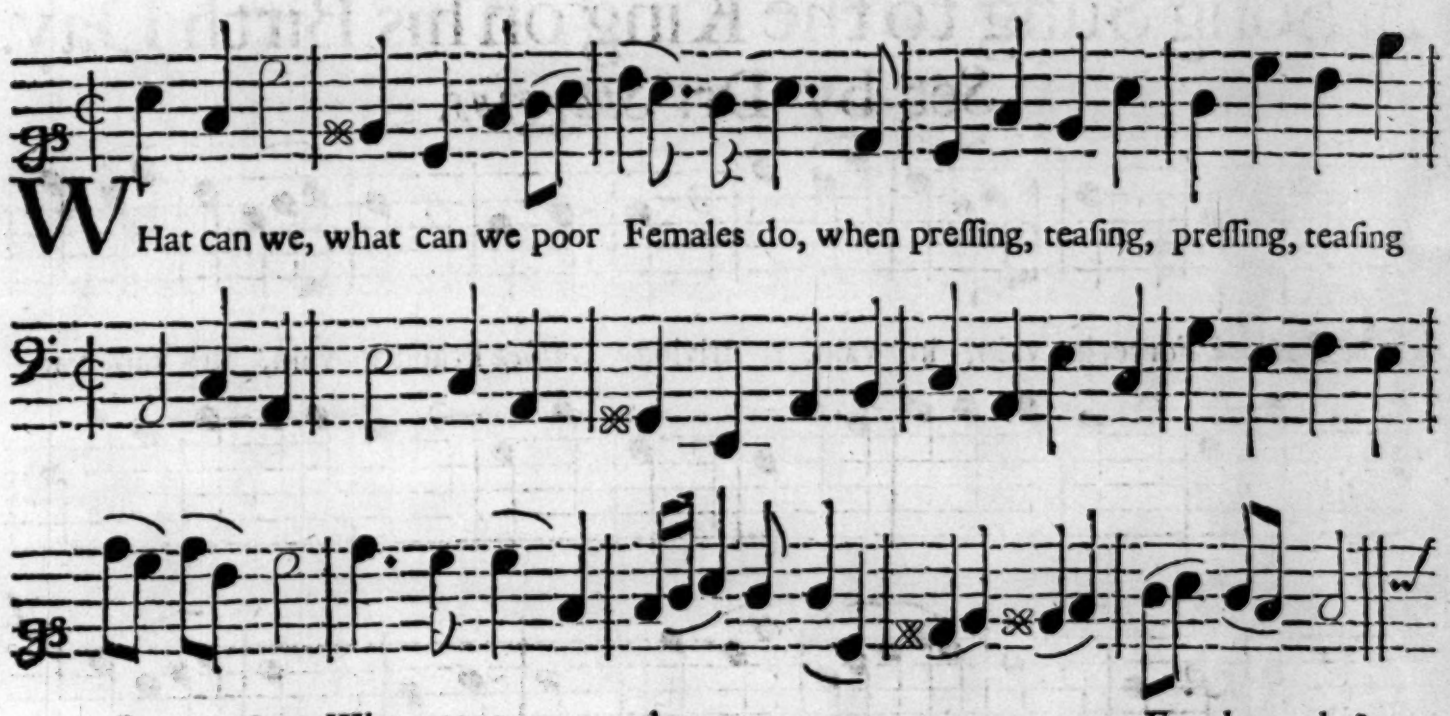

—mene Sings, Cle—me—ne mo—ves the trem—
—bling Strings: I was enough un—
—done before, oh! ceaſe fair Sy—ren, ceaſe a—while my ev'ry part thus to
be—guile, and yet not bleſs me with a ſmile; ſince you our ſof-ter
hearts can Charm, and Brutes of Nature can diſarm; you who can mol—li—fiye a
Stone, oh! ſof—ten next, oh! ſof—ten next, a har—der Heart, your own.

By Mr. Barinclowe.

IN Vain poor mortals we complain, of our too Ri—gid, Ri—gid Fate; The juſt reward of our diſdain, of our diſdain, and of our un—juſt, un—juſt hate. Men now grow weary of our Charms, ſince *Mars* calls to the Feild, and ra—ther chooſe to bear his Arms, than to our ſoft——— ones yeild; And ra—ther chooſe to bear his Arms, than to our ſoft ones yeild.

By Mr. *Damaſeene.*

A SONG ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



A Song Sung to the King on his Birth Day.

Set by Dr. *Staggins*.

GAllick Force, in vain, in vain, is ſtriving, *Gallick* Fraud in vain, in vain con—

—triving; Hope and *Cæſar* ſtill, ſtill Survi—ving *Europ's* Drooping, Drooping

State to raiſe: And yet aſ--ſure ſuc———ceſsfull days, un—daunt—ed

Cæſar Fights, Devout *Ma—ri—a* Prays; And yet aſ--ſure ſuc———ceſsfull

days, un—daunt—ed *Cæſar* Fights, Devout *Mari-a* Prays, De—vout *Mari—a* Prays.

A New SONG Set by Mr. *Nicolſon.*

THE Charming *Doll* of *Cotts Hill-Down*, with a round Angels Face, a—

—mongſt the Beauties of the Town, Is come to take her Place: Her

Shape's ex—act, her Eyes are fine, ſhe mo———ves, ſhe moves,

ſhe moves, ſhe mo———ves, ſhe moves, ſhe moves, ſhe mo—

——ves, with a good Grace; Thrice hap—py *Phill*, ſhe's on—ly thine, tho'

ma—ny, ma—ny like her Face.

II.

A little Pride becomes her well,
Her gaining Smiles have Pow'r;
Proud down-look Frowns, her Charms repell,
When ſhe begins to Low'r:
Smile therefore *Doll* and Frown no more,
Much Pride becomes you ill;
For Scornfull Beauties few Adore,
Believe me I have Skill.

HAppy are we, who, free from Care, can take our Pleaſures un—confin'd; We

fear not the E—vents of War, no thoughts of Love diſ—tra——

a

our Mind: For Love's a falſe de——luding Boy, that never, never

ſmiles but to deſtroy; For Love's a falſe de—lu——

——ding Boy, that never, never ſmiles but to de—ſtroy. By Mr. *J. Freeman.*

A Song Set by Mr. *James Heart*. The Words by Mr. *Phillips*,

CLy—me—ne, Cly—me—ne is the on—ly She, of all the Sex has Charms for me; If other Beau=ties I ad—mire, 'tis bare—ly ſo with—out de—ſire; All day, all day, all day, all day, Cly*me*—*ne*, Cly——*mene* is my The————me; Cly——*me*--*ne*, Cly——*me*—*ne*, all, all the Night, all the Night, all the Night my Dream: This, this a—las ſhe knows, yet I, I, oh! pit--ty—leſs, oh!

pit—tyleſs, oh! pit—tyleſs, oh! oh! pit—tyleſs, *Cly—me—ne, Cly——me——*

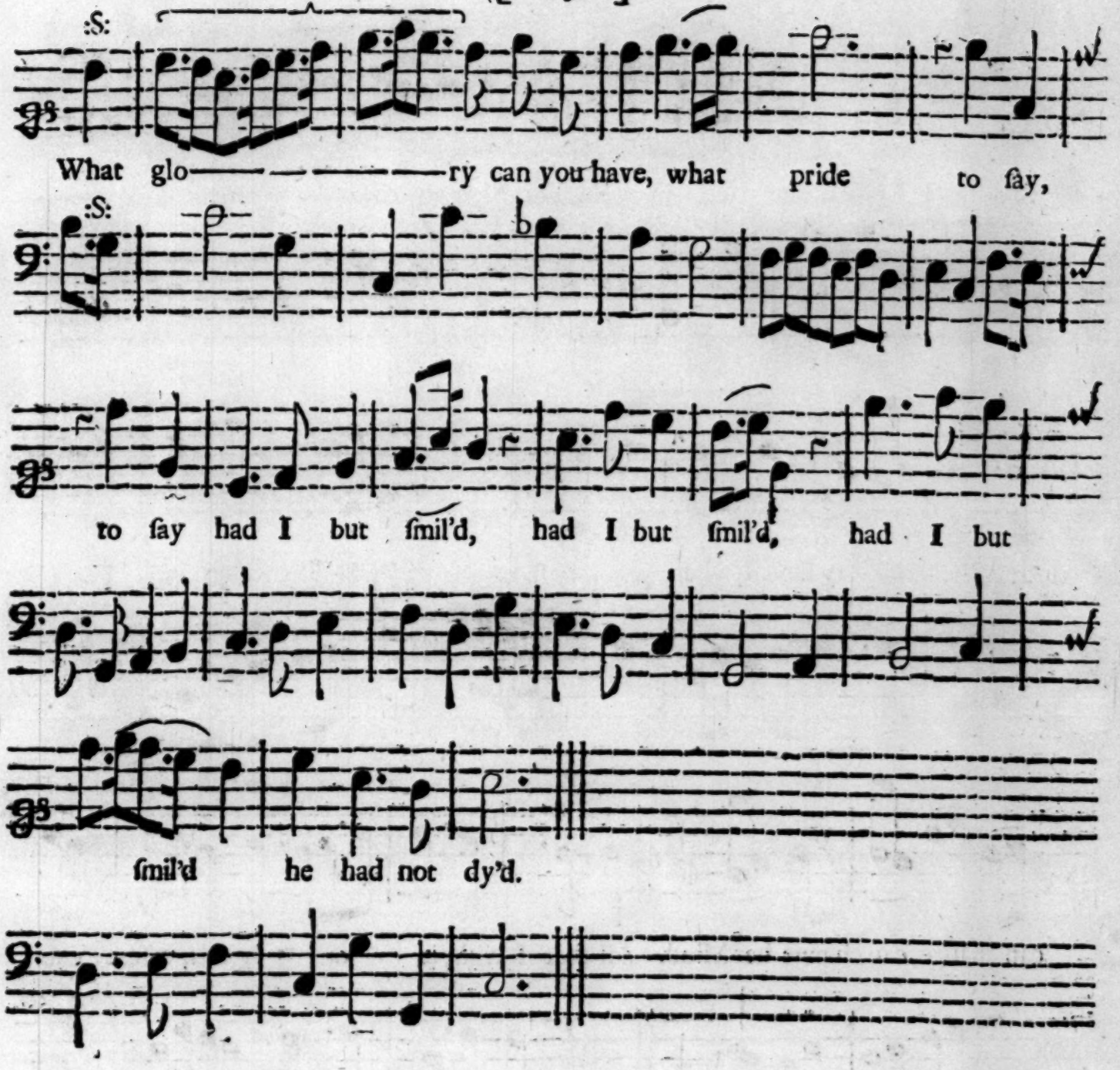
——ne, for you dye, oh! pit—ty-leſs, *Cly—me--ne, Cly——me—ne*, for you dye.

Yet ſhall I try to live, ah! ah! no, for her who wou'd not

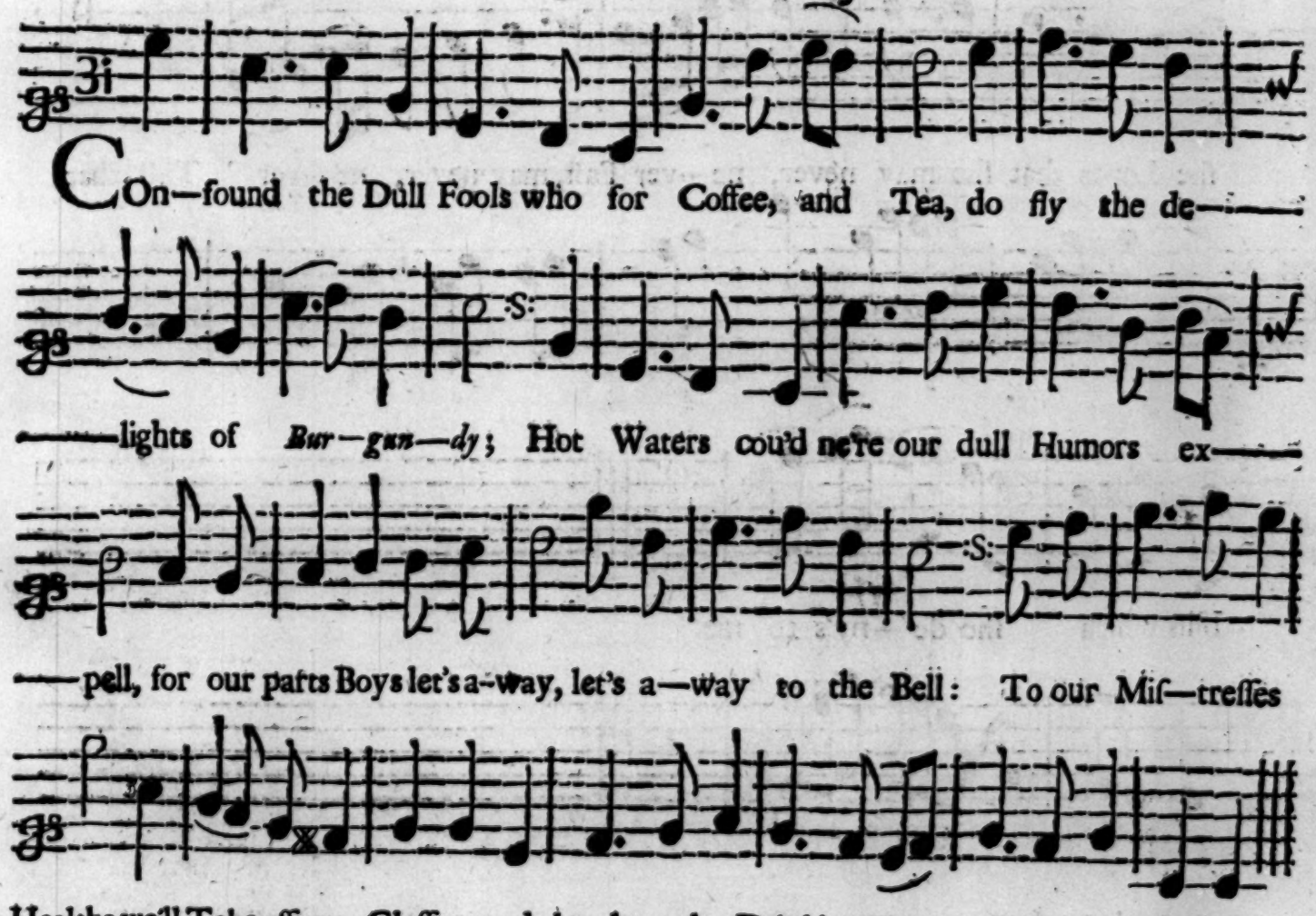
life for—goe, for ſure She is the Charming'ſt Maid, that e're

a Soul to Love betray'd: Yet oh! *Cly—me--ne, Cly——*

——me--ne think a——gain, in the cold Duſt when I am lain,



A Catch for 3 Voices by Mr. *Snow.*



LOng have I Lov'd but all in Vain, the Nymph, the Nymph proves ſtill un-—

—kind; Where pit-ty ſhou'd, where pit—ty ſhou'd, there Pride does Reign; No Tears

can change, can change her Mind. All that I wiſh, is on—ly this, where elſe

ſhe Loves that ſhe may never, ne—ver Taſt, may never, ne—ver Taſt that

Bliſs which ſhe de—ny's to me.

The *Fleetſtreet* Dialogue, being a Mock Song, to, *Now the Maids and the Men.* Set by a Maſter.

[*He.*]

NAY pre—thee dear *Jen--ny* ſay whither ſo faſt, nay pre—thee dear

Jen--ny ſay whither ſo faſt, ſure Madam you walk too ea--ger to laſt, ſure

[*She.*]

Madam you walk too eager to laſt. What ail's this rude fellow, this fellow, rude

fellow, this fellow, rude fellow, rude fellow, be gone; I'm none of your Trollops, pray

let me a—lone, I'm none of your Trollops, your Trollops, your Trollops, pray

let me a——lone; pray let me, pray let me a——lone: Fit for your lewd

purpoſe ſome o—thers you'l meet, what can't one paſs ci—vi—ly, can't one paſs

[He.]

ci--vi—ly, ci--vi—ly through the ſtreet? No o--thers I'd meet, no o--thers I'd

[She.]

meet, Yes o—thers you'l meet fit for your lewd purpoſe; what can't one paſs

[He.] [She.]

ci—vi—ly? You may paſs ci—vi—ly, prethee who ſtops thee? What

[He.]

can't one paſs ci—vi—ly, ci—vi—ly through the ſtreet? Pox take thee be—

—gone, and for this thy fol--ly, in all thy walks may'ſt thou ne're meet with a Cully; ne're

think to be courted ſince Whores are ſo plenty, t'wixt this and the *Temple* I

[*She.*]

ſhall meet with twenty, I ſhall, I ſhall meet with twenty. Hold

ſtay Sir a lit—tle, methinks, methinks I ſhou'd know ye, me—

—thinks, methinks I ſhou'd know ye; Oh! pard--on me Cou—ſin, ſweet

S:

Cou–ſin how do ye? Cou—ſin, Cou–ſin, Cou—ſin, ſweet

S:

[*He.*]

Cou=ſin how do ye? Thou ha——ſt me, thou ha——ſt me, and ſince to the *Dragon* we're come, let's en--ter, let's en—ter, Boy

[*She.*]

ſhow us a Room, let's enter, let's enter, Boy ſhow us a Room. Oh! Pardon me

[*He.*] [*She.*]

Cou--ſin: let's en—ter, let's en—-ter, oh! pardon me Couſin; and ſince to the

[*She.*] Cho.

Dra-gon we're come, *Let's en—ter, let's en--ter, Boy ſhow us a Room.*

[*He.*] Cho.

Let's en—ter, let's en—ter, Boy ſhow us a Room.

Cho.

F I N I S.

Printed for *John Carr* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1693.

Price Three Pence.

A SONG for Two Voices by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

LOVE, Thou art beſt, Love thou art beſt, Love thou art beſt of

Love, thou art beſt, Love thou art beſt, thou art beſt of

Hu—mane joys; Our chief—eſt, chief—eſt, chief—eſt hap——pi——

Humanè joys; Our chief—eſt, chief—eſt hap——pi——

——neſs be——low; All, all, all o-ther pleaſures; All

——neſs be—low; All, all, all o—ther pleaſure; All, all o—ther

all o--ther, all other pleaſures are but Toys; All, all, all, all are but

pleaſures, all, all o—ther pleaſures are but Toys; All, all, all, all are but

Toys; Muſick without that is but Noi——————————

Toys; Muſick with—out that

——————————ſe; And

is but Noi——————————ſe; And Beau—ty, Beauty, and

Beau-ty, Beauty but an empty ſhow, but an empty ſhow. Heaven who

Beauty, Beauty but an empty ſhow, but an emp-ty ſhow. Heaven who

knew beſt what Men cou'd mo——————ve, cou'd move, and raiſe

knew beſt what Men cou'd mo——————ve, cou'd move, and raiſe

his thoughts, and raiſe his thoughts a-bove the Brute; Said let him, let him

his thoughts, and raiſe his thoughts a-bove the Brute; Said let him, let him

be, ſaid let him, let him be, and let him Love; That, that, that,

be, ſaid let him, let him be, and let him Love; That, that, that, that a-

that alone, that, that a - lone, muſt his Soul improve; How——e're

——lone, that a—lone, that, that alone, muſt his Soul improve; How——e're

Phi—lo—ſo--phers diſ—pute, that, that, that, that a—lone,

Phi—lo—ſo-phers diſ—pute, that, that, that, that a—lone, that a——

that alone, muſt his Soul im—prove; How——e're *Phi—lo*——

——lone, that alone, muſt his Soul im—prove; How——e're *Phi—lo*——

——*ſophers* diſ—pute.

——*ſophers* diſ—pute.

FINIS

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